

THE ANACONDA STANDARD

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Publishers and Proprietors.

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The Standard's news service is the most complete. It has patrons in every part of the Great Northwest. Its service includes Anaconda, Butte, Helena, Missoula, Bozeman, Phillipsburg, Granite, Great Falls, Deer Lodge, Dillon and all other important points.

Largest Daily Circulation in Montana.

SUNDAY, JULY 1, 1894.

The Paper Trains.

The STANDARD's vestibuled trans-Montana railroad limited is a fixture in local railroading while the strike lasts. Successful runs were made yesterday to all points in the circuit. Scores of telegrams were received at this office yesterday from towns reached by the paper trains, congratulating the STANDARD on its enterprise and thanking it for the news.

The new transportation company is a great success. T. E. Butler is general manager with W. W. Walworth is general utility man. If these gentlemen offer to sell bonds of the new company to Butte capitalists, we earnestly recommend all moneyed men in that city to make the investment at their own peril.

The STANDARD is compelled to announce that it cannot accommodate many friends who are anxious to reach points which the paper train passes or to send bundles or messages to this or that city. The STANDARD's special draws no Pullman coaches, and the charter of the concern does not permit it to perform the functions of a common carrier—it is strictly a newspaper delivery service by hand car conveyance.

Yesterday's spread of the strike compelled an extension in the new-style service. For two days, bundles of the STANDARD were taken by train to Garrison and thence by hand car accommodation to Missoula. The Montana Union went out of blast yesterday, thus leaving open the gap from the STANDARD's press room to Garrison. Just the same, this morning's edition will start for Missoula by through hand car special, and we feel warranted in promising that Missoula will be reached in pretty fair time.

This office is all right up to the present time. We feel for our valued contemporaries in Helena; if through service to St. Paul is shut off, as the strike progresses, they will be cut off from their regular supply of eastern-made boiler plate. What a disaster that would be!

Meanwhile, the people of Montana are going to get the news every day, in as far as the STANDARD finds it within the range of the possibilities to reach them. We may exhaust the state's supply of handcars, if the thing keeps up, but, be the strike long or short, we shall carry the news to Montana as long as this office can get the cars and hire the men to pump them over the main range of the Rocky mountains.

The Sun dance, with its disgusting characteristics having ended, Helena has secured the services of the band of Cree Indians to participate in its Fourth of July celebration. Queer taste and worse judgment. There are now many unemployed men in the temporary capital, yet the business men expend money to bring in a band of 300 alien savages to participate in the observance of the national holiday. To a man up a tree it seems that the money could have been utilized to far better advantage nearer to home, for instance in swelling that famous Helena pay roll.

Ready for Guests.

The Broadwater is opened for the reception of guests. It has stood closed since 1892. The expectation was that the hotel would be ready for guests on the first day of June, the arrangements being that the citizens of Helena were to subscribe six thousand dollars toward making good the probable losses of the season; but that deal fell through. The Broadwater was the pride of its founder, that royal citizen of Montana whose name the property bears. Colonel Broadwater maintained the establishment at large personal loss. He had pluck—his conviction was that he could pull the investment through to a paying basis, and he had close friends who believed that his own dauntless personality warranted his faith in the venture.

The misfortune of the Broadwater hotel is that it is a magnificent resort in the wrong place. If it were at Gregsons or at any point convenient to Butte it would be successful; it never received generous support at the hands of Helena. It is a pleasure to announce that the residents of the temporary capital have finally arranged for a four months' season at the resort. The capital year will probably draw many guests to Helena, and the surroundings at the Broadwater will be a strong attraction for them.

As a delightful place for rest and

recreation, no spot in the Northwest is a match for the Broadwater. Its mammoth bath is the finest affair of the sort in the world. The hotel itself is an ideal inn, the environs are charming, with their abundance of lawn and shade. It is a restful spot, unique in its attractions and complete in its appointments. Undoubtedly the service during this season will be excellent, and as the reopening of the establishment in future years is more than doubtful, those who wish to enjoy the hospitality of the finest and most famous resort in the Northwest should make their sojourn at the Broadwater this summer.

It gives the STANDARD pleasure to announce that the Broadwater will be under the management of Mr. C. B. Garrett, a host so genial, so experienced and so popular that a newspaper's words in praise of him would be superfluous.

War to the Knife.

But for the fact that this is Sunday, the STANDARD would find itself disposed to take up for discussion a paragraph in that gifted contemporary of ours, the Helena News, which in its latest edition says: "It was reported last week that there were seven Anaconda spies in Helena. Just why that number was sent by the nabob to spy out the goodly land, was not stated; probably because 'there is luck in odd numbers.' If they are still in our midst, let's shoot them. That's the way spies are treated in war."

That's right; shoot 'em on the spot, the way Gen. John A. Dix ordered it done during the war of the rebellion. And don't be too careful to inquire whether they are genuine spies or not. If they are pure and simple Anaconda people, blow 'em full of holes anyhow, and take the chances. The Helena Independent drew a deadly parallel last Friday morning to prove that all citizens of Montana who vote for Anaconda are "morally rotten, oblivious to their own interests, lost to all sense of decency." Such people ought to die.

Kill every last man of them! That's the stuff! Get the Independent to fire deadly boiler plate at them! That would kill anything. What claim on life has any man who won't vote for Helena for the capital?

In Anaconda we follow a different policy; we adopt the persuasive arts of peace. We make the Helena spies twice glad, so to speak; in other words, we treat them royally and—pardon the vulgarism—we "get them full." Then they report the woolliest cock-and-bull stories to the Helena committee that ever were strung on a string. We Anaconda people like the plan. It works like a charm. It beats shooting to death. It is cheap and, at the same time, it is eminently popular.

There are two or three objections to the Helena plan that might be mentioned. But, then, as we said to begin with, Sunday isn't a good day to talk capital. Let the matter rest for today; only if Anaconda people are shot down in Helena, we hope the capital committee in that town will at least be gracious enough to give them a Christian burial. Some of them are pretty good people.

Working an Old Racket.

The Breckinridge trial has at last produced a book, but strange to say the author is not the heroine of the social drama, Madeline Pollard. On the contrary, it is a woman who claims to have played rather an important part in the trial but who up to this time has been unknown to the public. She was employed by the Breckinridge side as a detective, made the acquaintance of Madeline, became her confidential friend and then betrayed the conversations between them to her employers.

Advance sheets of the book are in print, and in them the young woman relates the deception she practiced upon her victim and others and the barefaced fabrications she perpetrated. Then, with charming affectation, she reaches the conclusion she was paid to reach, that Miss Pollard is an unprincipled and untruthful adventuress.

It is the old case of *meum et tecum*.

The spy stole the friendship of the woman who trusted her and now seeks to still further bankrupt her character and steal from her the opportunity of making a few dollars by writing a book. As far as published the book of the detective is as lacking in diction as it is in fact—it is in no wise as interesting to the purist as was the report of the trial.

France in Danger.

To-day the remains of Carnot, the murdered president of France, will be entombed amid such a popular demonstration of sorrow as was never before witnessed in the great capital of that mercurial people. In accord with the beautiful sentiment that belongs to the country, and has been happily followed by others, a tribute of flowers follows the dead to their last resting place and ever after the grave is decorated with nature's choicest blossoms. Judged from this standard there is universal grief in France. The dispatches tell us that from all points where flowers can be had they are being brought into Paris to guard and environ the corpse and that they will be piled mountain high, shedding fragrance and sentiment and relieving the otherwise sombre surroundings of death. The officers of these tributes are confined to no class or sect. They represent the almost universal feeling of the people and are at once an unspoken protest against anarchy and a mark of affection for the dead. The incident shows that the republic is still strong in the hearts of the masses and that from its present trial it should emerge with greater vigor to pursue its destiny.

In spite of this display, however, there is a nether side. Even while the dead body of the martyr lay in state

and so soon as his successor had been elected, even while the loyal shouts of "vive la republique" were echoing through the land, enemies of France, enemies of organized government, enemies of law and decency were sowing the seeds of discord and laying the foundations for further acts of violence. Henri Rochefort from his asylum in London, voicing his own opinion and that of a few radicals, has already begun an attack upon the new president and has done so in a manner that if persisted in cannot fail to have an effect upon the masses. Santo's dagger found the heart of Carnot, but Rochefort seeks to assassinate the republic. His weapon is a powerful one. He has declared that Casimir-Perrier, the new president, would seek an alliance with Germany and betray France in order to subvert his personal interests. No torch could be applied that would create a more general conflagration. Alsace and Lorraine is a rallying cry about which all France will center without regard to consequences, and while statesmanship and policy has thus far averted a conflict with Germany, no one of the French leaders either in cabinet or field has ever been accused of disloyalty.

If Rochefort's plan succeeds and he can infuse the belief that Perrier is disloyal, the republic of France is on the eve of the greatest trial it has as yet encountered. The friends of liberty and republican government throughout the world will watch for developments with anxiety and hope that France may weather the storm.

The bill for the admission of New Mexico as a state has passed the house of representatives and reports indicate that it will pass the senate before adjournment. In resources, area and population the state is certainly entitled to a place in the sisterhood and it is to be hoped she will obtain it. Political and race prejudices have been the potent influences that have heretofore closed the doors against her, but these under democratic rule have been silenced. To satisfy the captious, however, a condition of the admission bill is that the constitution shall provide that the English language shall be taught in the public schools. This would no doubt have been the case without congressional interference, but the concession was made in order to secure the boon. Star number forty-five is to be congratulated on at last securing a rightful recognition of its merits.

MANCOS CANYON CLIFF HOUSES.

Some of Them Perched in Places Which Few Men Could Reach.

Petitions praying congress that the region in Southern Colorado known as the Mancos Canyon be set apart as a national park are being circulated in that state. The Mancos contains the most interesting habitations of the cliff-dwellers to be found in the United States, but unless at once put under government control it must lose much of its attractiveness to archaeologists, as curiosity hunters are constantly carrying off such prehistoric relics as they can lay their hands on. The country of the cliff-dwellers really extends beyond Colorado, and includes almost the whole of Montezuma county, Colorado, part of San Juan county, Utah, and sections of Arizona and New Mexico. The principal localities are the Mancos, McElmo, and Montezuma canyons. "One of the first cliff houses discovered in the Mancos Canyon," says an archaeologist, quoted by the New York Evening Post, "is over 600 feet from the bottom of the canyon, in a niche of the mountain wall. Five hundred feet of the ascent to this aerial dwelling is comparatively easy, but the remaining 100 feet has to be made up an almost perpendicular cliff in the face of the rock. There, on the ledge 10 feet wide and 20 feet in length, is located a two-story house, with three rooms on the ground floor. The rooms are smoothly plastered with a thin layer of cement, colored a deep maroon, while a white band eight inches wide has been painted around the room at both floor and ceiling. This is a sample of the buildings, which are to be found in great variety of size and form. Some of them occupy positions the inaccessibility of which is a wonder when considered as places of residence for human beings. Besides these dwellings there are remarkable watch-towers, circular and square, burial places, cave fortresses, etc., in profusion."

News at Glendive.
GLENDIVE, June 30.—George Shields, aged 20, and Charles Robinson, aged 18, inmates of the reform school at Miles City, who escaped a week ago and eluded capture, were caught to-day at Mingusville and arrested by C. B. Towers and Charles O'Neal and brought to Glendive by team. They will be returned to the school as soon as they can be transported. The entries to all the stake and trotting races close to-morrow for the races here July 4 and 5. All the classes are filled and good races will be the result.

"As—As I understand it," said the traveling foreigner, "your office-holders here are the servants of the people. Am I right?" "You have become a little mixed," said the citizen. "It must be the office-seekers you are thinking of."—*Detroit Free Press.*

IT TAKES YOUR MONEY
only 25 cents to buy a glass vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—but then you get a lasting benefit and a permanent cure of your Bilious or Sick Headache, Constipation or Indigestion, loss of appetite, and all those troubles which follow a disordered liver. The time to treat an inactive liver is before it becomes a disease. If these tiny Pellets were in every day use people would be germ-proof. The germs of disease make their entrance to the system through the liver—your health and well-being depends on the liver. If you suffer from wind and pain in the stomach, giddiness, constipation, disturbed sleep, you get immediate relief from the use of "Pleasant Pellets."

Think of the thousands of hopeless cases which must have been cured by Dr. Sage's Cathartic Remedy, before its proprietors could be willing to say, as they do: "For any case of Catarrh, no matter how bad, which we cannot cure, we'll pay \$500 cash."

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CHURCH AND CLERGY.

The assessed value of the church property in New York City exempt from taxation is \$65,000,000.

Bishop John M. Walden, Methodist, began life by working on an Ohio river flatboat for 50 cents a day.

At the present time there are 17,061 Wesleyan Methodist Sunday schools in England, an increase of 500 in 10 years. They have 850,000 pupils, an increase of 100,557 during the same period.

There are 835,089 members in the churches connected with the Northern Presbyterian Assembly, and 188,826 with those connected with the Southern.

The Rev. Isaac J. Lansing, a Boston Congregationalist pastor, asserted in his sermon Sunday that: "Boston, the city highest in culture, is the lowest in morality."

Mrs. Anna Cushman says there are 3,000 actors and actresses idle, and she suggests that the Salvation Army should establish a special mission and organize them into an actors' corps to march against sin.

The Rev. James Barrett, a Baptist clergyman who was arrested for drunkenness on the street at Columbus, O., feels his disgrace so keenly that he has gone to bed and proposes to stay there till he dies.

Commander Ballington Booth and about a dozen delegates of the Salvation Army have gone to England to participate in the golden jubilee of Gen. William Booth, which takes place at the London crystal palace in July.

SUNDAY SMILES.

The tramp will not descend to slang when it comes to using "soap" as a synonym of money.—*Puck.*

"Little boy, doesn't it pain you to see an elderly woman hanging on to a strap?" Boy (keeping his hand)—No'm, 'less it's my ma.—*Boston Journal.*

"By the way, speaking of the human race, has it ever been determined who won the first heat?" "Prometheus, of course. Don't you remember he discovered fire?"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"Look here, old man, oughtn't you to keep that boy of yours a little more in check?" "My friend, I do my best; this is the fourth one I've sent him this month."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"Don't you think Bylkins has a very high handed way about him?" "I should say he has," was the mournful reply. "Four acres was what he sprung last night."—*Washington Star.*

Guide—Now, you will have to be careful; many a tourist has broken his neck at this spot. (Gent to his wife)—Augustus, you go first.—*Spare Moments.*

Mrs. Powell—I have such an indulgent husband! Mrs. Cameron (epitaphically)—Yes, so Justin tells me; but he sometimes indulges too much, doesn't he?—*Fun.*

He wrote letters to the papers, saying 'twas a crying shame.

To run open cars unless the day was warm; But when they put the closed cars on, no matter how it rained, He rode outside upon the front platform.—*Brooklyn Life.*

PSALM OF THE SENATOR.

Tell me not in mournful numbers Life is but a tale of woe, For the trusts and corporations Make it pleasant here below.

Life is full of hope and promise, If we only work it right; If we only put the string in Every time we get a bite.

Sugar stocks are fluctuating, And if we would buy them low We must mingle with the "agents," Who will kindly let us know.

While the senate ante-chambers With the lobbyists are crammed, Take no notice of the people— Let the populace be d—d.

Lives of cuckoos all remind us We can warble through our hair, And, departing, leave behind us Jewprints on the ambient air.

Jawprints that perhaps another Congressman with a lengthy speech— A forlorn, bewhiskered brother— Seeing, shall begin to screech.

Let us then be up and talking, Talking hard with all our might; Talking much on all occasions, Talking every day and night.—*Omaha Bee.*

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Dyspepsia

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Oration by

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FARGO

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TO

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PORTLAND

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No. 7, From St. Paul, Chicago, and all Eastern points, arrives Montana Union Depot daily at 9:40 a.m.

M. U. No. 2, From Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle, Portland, and all Coast points, arrives Montana Union Depot, daily at 9:45 a.m.

TRAINS DEPART

M. U. No. 1, For Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle, Portland, and all Coast and California points, leaves Montana Union Depot daily at 9:55 a.m.

No. 8, For St. Paul, Chicago, and all Eastern, Southern and Canadian points, leaves Montana Union Depot daily at 9:59 a.m.

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